

Menomonee tribe volunteered, and following us in their canoes, joined us at Winnebago Lake. In fact, when we reached Prairie du Chien, about the twentieth of July,¹ we had a host of followers of all nations, ages and sexes.

We reached there about noon, and pitched our camp at a convenient place; and I went immediately with a flag of truce, demanding their surrender. This they refused to do. I noticed that they had built houses, and fenced them in with strong oak pickets, ten feet high, with two substantial block-houses, with *chevaux-de-frise*, and two gun-boats at anchor near by. On my return to camp, we opened fire on the fort, but to little effect upon their earthed-oak pickets. Their six-pound shot, because of their bad powder, did not reach our camp. Meanwhile, under shelter of the village buildings, the Indians kept up a constant firing at the fort, cutting down their flag, and wounding two of their men through the port-holes. Two of our Indians were also wounded, but slightly. Thus ended the first day.

The next morning, we reopened our fire upon the fort. Our shots hit them, but they did not return the fire. So I ordered the bombardier to run his gun up, and attack the gun-boats. Only one returned the fire, the [other] being empty. They gave shot for shot merrily. At length my gunner cried out: "For God's sake, come and help me!" I ran to him and found all his men had left him, and I said, "what can I do?" "Take the trail of the gun, please, and enable me to lay it," he replied. The next shot from the boat rolled in between the wheels of our gun, being a three-pound shot, having taken aim, saying "Will you return us this ball, sir?" "Yes," we replied; and loading our gun with it, shot it off, and with it cut off their gunners' two legs. This shut them up; they cut cable, and I ran to camp, ordering our gun-boats ready to follow and capture their vessel, as it had all their valuable stores on board.

But our commander, Col. McKay, rose from his snooze² came

¹ It was Sunday, July 17th.

L. C. D.

² Capt. Anderson's family are indignant that history should give the credit of the capture of Prairie du Chien to Col. McKay, when, as they assert, he was drunk all the time of the fight; and Capt. Anderson's narrative pretty evidently conveys the same idea.

L. C. D.